

RIVER OF SALT WATER.

Flows Inland in a Greek Island and Then Disappears.

One of the most curious phenomena of geography is found on the southern coast of the island of Cephalonia, in Greece. It is a stream of salt water which for an unknown period left the almost tideless sea and flowed inland with a volume sufficient to furnish water power to two mills. For some generations the mills were operated by undershot wheels which took their power from this little river of ocean water. They supplied flour to the people of the island until recently, but now they have been dismantled owing to the competition of larger and better equipped mills.

The sea enters the land at four points where the coast is practically on a level with the salt water surface. The four initial streams unite to form the little river that flows inland in a broken rocky channel until it finally disappears in the limestone rock and sinks into the earth.

This inland flow has continued almost certainly for several centuries. It is far too great for removal by evaporation, chemical combination, or even physical absorption by pores or caverns in the rocks. What becomes of the water that is constantly flowing inland and disappears finally in the fissures that have opened in the limestone?

The question has been the subject of much study, but no conclusive answer has been given. It is probable that there is an underground channel which carries the water back into the sea at no great depth below the surface. The constant influx of salt water at Cephalonia is duplicated, as far as is known, at no other point of the world.

HARD TO BEAT THIS.

Husband's Claim to Be Meanest Man Has Good Foundation.

He said: "I'm the meanest man in the world; I know I am. I went home the other evening and I was feeling pretty good, you know. My wife didn't say a word, but about 2:41 a. m. I woke up and observed a ghostly figure going through my clothes. I snored gently. In a minute or two the figure drew something from a vest pocket, looked at it in the faint moonlight, appeared to ponder for a short time, went to the vest and came back to bed. I was still snoring. The next morning I found a dollar bill and 40 cents in change in my vest."

"Well," demanded the listener. "What," you see, she thought I would suspect something if there wasn't anything at all in my pockets, and when she took the ten-dollar note she put in the \$1.40."

"Don't call that so mean, to let her do that."

"Maybe not. But I would have liked to have seen her expression when some clerk handed her back that ten dollar confederate note today."

His Wall Paper Lure.

George Tidwell, of Sparrowbush, N. J., returned from trout fishing with a basket filled with "speckled-beauties" weighing half a pound each. His friends quizzed him as to where he caught the fish, so even in size, and how.

"Well, you see, last summer I was at the brook during huckleberry time and was carelessly throwing some of the berries in the water and was surprised to see the trout rise and eat them."

"I ran across a piece of wall paper the other day having huckleberries printed on it. I went to the brook and pasted the piece of wall paper on a rock just above a pool. Soon the pool was full of fish. They eyed the beautiful clusters of huckleberries with mouths watering."

"It didn't take long for a trout to begin athletic jumps to get the berries and as fast as they jumped for the luscious clusters and were stunned by the contact with the rock I picked them up and put them in my basket until it was filled."

Down on the Farm.

The unsophisticated chap from the city had passed his first night in the old farmhouse.

"Wall, neighbor," drawled the farmer at breakfast, "how did you sleep last night?"

"Sleep?" blurted the city chap in disgust. "Why, man, I was turning and turning all night."

"The old farmer laughed uproariously. "Kept turning, did you, neighbor? Well, I told you that you would sleep like a top."

"Tunny, eh? Well, do you know there was so much loose straw in the mattress it kept getting in my ears and nose all night?"

"Just so, stranger. When you asked about the bed didn't I say it would tickle you to death?"

"And then the old farmer passed over the left-over pie and black coffee.—Chicago Daily News.

As Others See Us.

A day or two ago it fell out that an actor with a purpose was cinematographed on the stage, and was vastly pleased with the result.

Said he gleefully to a prominent critic: "It was the most extraordinary experience I ever went through—actually to see myself acting."

"Now," replied the prominent dramatic critic, "you understand what we have to put up with."

MAKES THE GRINDING EASY.

"Bicycle Power" Does Away with a Good Deal of Labor.

The old adage that "the head should save the heels" has been transformed by the Mahern brothers, Frank and Fred, employed at a Dedham (Mass.) grocery, so that the legs are made to save the arms, and that in a most unique manner.

It is the method of running a coffee mill by leg power on a bicycle instead of by arm power. One of the disagreeable features of the grocery business has been the arm method of grinding coffee.

Now this is just where the quick wit of Frank Mahern came in. A devotee of the wheel and knowing that it is much easier to pedal than to strain with the arms, he conceived the idea that a transfer of the strain from arms to legs would be much easier and quicker.

The question was one of applying the power to the coffee mill, which was done by removing the forward wheel of a tandem and fastening the bicycle in such a way that the rear wheel was directly opposite one of the wheels of the coffee mill, which was fitted with a belt wheel.

The tire was removed from the bicycle wheel and a belt put on, running from the wheel to the belt wheel on the coffee mill.

The arrangement was then complete, and when there is coffee to be ground it is thrown into the grinder, the bicycle is mounted and the rider takes a practice spin and at the same time grinds the coffee.

COFFEE GROWING IN FAVOR.

Steady Increase of Consumption in United States.

The importation of coffee in the calendar year 1896, less the quantity exported, aggregated 804,692,275 pounds, as compared with 843,652,918 pounds in 1906. The quantity consumed was greater in 1906, but the value was less than in 1896 to the extent of \$4,574,273. There was 10,270,375 pounds less of tea imported in 1906 than in 1896, though the value of the imports was \$602,966 greater in 1906. The importation of cocoa has greatly increased and also of chocolate.

But the large increase in the consumption of cocoa has been almost wholly due to its use in the manufacture of confectionery. Its price has remained nearly stationary during the last ten years. For the five years ended with 1901 the average annual imports of coffee amounted to 816,570,082 pounds, and for the five years ended with 1906 the average was 866,817,166 pounds, showing a steady increase in the consumption of coffee in the United States while the contrary is true of tea.

Jeweler Knew the Game. Jeweler—You say you want some name engraved on the ring? Young man—Yes; I want the words, "George to his dearest Alice," engraved on this ring.

"Is the young lady your sister?" "No; she is the young lady to whom I am engaged."

"Well, if I were you, I would not have 'George to his dearest Alice,' engraved on the ring. If Alice changes her mind, you can't use the ring again."

"What would you suggest?" "I would suggest that the words be 'George, to his first and only love.' You see, with that inscription you can use the ring half a dozen times. I have had experience in such matters myself."

Bird Perched on His Gun.

"Whippoor-will, whippoor-will." Before daybreak a bird's notes awoke Louis Reutler, who had sought rest at Lake Wonksunfook, a few miles from Winsted, Conn. Reutler became peevish, got his shotgun and fired at the whippoor-will, perched on a tree outside his bedroom.

Reutler, until recently proprietor of the Beardsley House, was nearly asleep when—

"Whippoor-will, whippoor-will." Quite angry, Reutler shot at the bird again. The third time he fired the whippoor-will flew to him, alighted on his gunbarrel and sang sweetly: "Whippoor-will."

Reutler went to the lake and plunged in to cool himself off.

Opportunity of Trouble.

The tests of life are to make, not break, us. Trouble may demolish a man's business, but build up his character. The blow at the outward man may be the greatest blessing to the inner man. If God, then, puts or permits anything hard in our lives, be sure that the real peril, the real trouble, is what we shall lose if we flinch or rebel.—M. D. Babcock.

He Who Will Fall.

He will certainly fall who hopes to know men deeply and only to get happiness, never to get anxiety, distress, disappointment, out of knowing them; and he has mistaken the first idea of human companionship who seeks companionships, friendships and contacts with mankind directly and simply for the pleasure they will give him.—Phillips Brooks.

His Oversight.

"She doesn't like you very well." "I wonder why? The last time I spent the evening with her I praised her music and her intellectual attainments to the skies."

"I know you did, and you never once told her she was pretty."

VOICES OF THE SEA.

Showing How Illusions Add to Human Happiness.

A lecturer, who has covered the greater part of the country in delivering his instructive and entertaining discourse on travel, tells this story to prove that illusions are essential to human happiness. He remained overnight with the chairman of the entertainment committee after delivering a lecture in a seashore town on Long Island, in the early morning, saw the Youth's Companion, he was awakened by the sound of a suction-pump in violent action, but he dozed off again after noting that there was a high wind and a storm threatening from off the neighboring sea. At the breakfast table he asked:

"Didn't I hear a pump working this morning, or was I dreaming?" "Why, yes," answered his host. "My father-in-law is an old sailorman, and when we get a little water in the cellar he delights in pumping it out. This house had been idle three years until we came along and bought it for the very reason that others rejected it."

"But besides the noise of the pump I thought I heard (reflecting for a moment), oh, yes! It sounded like the creaking of the timbers and the wind in the rigging. I am curious to know how you duplicate those voices of the sea to please the retired captain."

"Oh, land!" said the hostess. "Our new girl, just over from Sweden, has been going about the house all morning wearing her new American silk petticoat and her old peg shoes."

CIRCUIT 4,000 MILES LONG.

Telegraph Line Traverses Many Countries on its Journey.

Probably the longest telegraph circuit in the world has been in operation for over a year on the lines of the Indo-European-Telegraph company, between London and Teheran, Persia's capital. This circuit is 4,000 miles in length, and in its course it traverses the North sea for 200 miles and passes through Belgium, Germany, Russia, Turkey in Asia, and Persia. The Wheatstone automatic system of transmission and reception is employed on the circuit. By this system messages are transmitted at the rate of from 80 to 400 words a minute, according to the nature of the circuit, as against 25 to 35 words by manual Morse transmission. On the London-Teheran circuit there are ten automatic repeating stations, namely, at Lowestoft, Emden, Berlin, Warsaw, Runc, Odessa, Kretsch, Sukhum Kaleh, Tiflis and Tauris. The business for and from Manchester and Liverpool is also handled direct from Teheran. It will be understood that automatic repeaters take the place of operators at the repeating stations. In the case of the circuit under consideration there are repeating instruments and batteries at each of the ten repeating stations.

Bulb Farms of Marshland. The vast industry hitherto associated almost exclusively with Holland is gaining a foothold in Great Britain that is promising for the agricultural depression there. It is said that the climate of Holland is just like the climate of England, only worse.

In the fen district of Lincolnshire there are many acres of land devoted to the growing of narcissi, and so successful has the industry become that several Dutch growers have paid England the compliment of buying their stock bulbs in that country, while others are said to have considered seriously the advisability of purchasing land in Lincolnshire for the growing of bulbs so as to compete with the Englishman in his own land.

An acre of wheat or potatoes in England is worth from \$80 to \$100, but an acre of choice daffodils or narcissi may be worth anything from \$250 to \$2,000 and more.

From a Broker's Diary. Aug. 1—I have been sent out here to rest. I find nothing but birds and trees and sky out of doors, and nothing in the house but books.

Aug. 2—I figure out that if those trees were the right kind to yield wood pulp they would make 4,863,972 certificates of stock.

Aug. 3—It rains. I wonder what a book is like.

Aug. 4—Still it rains. I believe I am going mad.

Aug. 5—Am I mad or am I dreaming? To-day I opened a book and found margins; every page had its margin. I opened other books, and there were more margins—endless margins. There are 5,000 books in the house, they tell me. It is glorious.—New York World.

Knew His Wife. A Frenchman whose wife deserted him amused his neighbors by telling how he got her back without trouble.

"Did I run after her and beg her to come back?" he dramatically asked. "No, I did not run after her. I must publish in ze papaire zat I have drawn 50,000 francs in Paris municipal bonds, and she vas back much quicker zan in no time."

Cum Grano Salis. "I saw Longbow talking to you today." "Yes. He tried to work off one of his tall stories on me, but I caught him."

"Ha, ha; he's a bird, isn't he?" "Yes, but I put a grain of salt on his tail."

TWO WHO WERE NOT HAZED.

West Pointers Escaped Usual Fate of "Freshmen."

John P. Sullivan, of New Orleans, grand esquire of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, is one of the few men who as a student at West Point was never successfully hazed.

Col. Sullivan—by virtue of the Spanish war, as he did not remain in the army after leaving the military academy—stands six feet two inches in his stocking feet and is built in proportion. The story goes that when a mob of fellow West Pointers attempted to practice on him the usual diabolical arts reserved for new arrivals in the old days, the young man from Louisiana submitted a counter proposal. "I'm willing to be hazed all right, if you fellows are equal to the job," he said, "but I must insist on your coming one at a time." That looked easy, but was not. The hazers came on one at a time and rumor has it that Sullivan whipped 17 of them to a standstill before making them see the futility of further attacks. After that he was not molested.

West Point annals contain a record of at least one other man who was not hazed. He is Capt. Beaumont B. Buck, of the Sixteenth Infantry. His methods were not the same as Sullivan's, however. He warned the hazers not to attempt to enter his room, and when they tried to rush him he fired on them with results by no means pleasant to one young man. This was while he was still a student at a preparatory school near West Point.

STARLING FOR THE EMPEROR.

Pretty Present Sent to the Ruler of Austria.

A day or two before Easter a very carefully tied little parcel was left at the Hofburg, addressed to the emperor. It was viewed with some suspicion, and as the orders are never to accept anything that has not been commanded, it was about to be refused, says the Vienna correspondent of the London Standard, when a sound of song was heard from within.

The servants made one of the chamberlains acquainted with the facts, and it was decided to open the parcel. Inside was found a very neat little cage, and inside the cage a spry young starling, which, as soon as light and air were let in, began to whistle a series of the most popular airs of the season.

A letter attached to the cage begged his majesty to accept the gift. Though the sender was aware of the strict veto against offering presents to the emperor, he hoped that an exception might be made in his favor, as he had spent nearly a year in training the bird to give a moment's Easter pleasure to his sovereign.

The tone of the letter pleased his majesty, and while he was talking to the official who had brought it the starling began to pipe so loudly that his majesty broke off the conversation to listen, and decided to send the bird to his grandchildren, at Lax, for their amusement, also giving instructions to find out the sender, if possible, and give him a suitable return present.

Lacked Presence of Mind. In the criminal court in Baltimore a ducky was on trial for stealing a watch which he had pawned. He was identified by the owner as the person who had grabbed the watch out of his pocket, yet the ducky claimed he was innocent. When asked how he came in possession of the watch, he said:

"I was standing on the corner when a man comes up to me and says he is hard up and hasn't a cent to buy food with, and he wants to sell me this watch for three dollars. I knew I could get four dollars on it in pawn, and I felt sorry for him and bought the watch for three dollars and pawned it for four dollars. That's how I got the watch."

The prosecutor then asked, if he had bought the watch for three dollars, knowing he could pawn it for four dollars, simply to help the man along because he felt sorry for him, why he did not advise him to pawn it himself, and then he would have had four dollars instead of three dollars.

"Well, you see," said the prisoner, "I didn't have the presence of mind to do that."—Judge's Library.

Dog 26 Years Old. Besie, a collie belonging to S. E. Clark, of Northview, Colo., is believed to be the oldest dog alive, having attained her twenty-sixth year.

Until two years ago the animal refused to take shelter in the severest weather, preferring to sleep in the snow and wind. She is now feeble and stone deaf, but she can see well, and her teeth are in a fair state of preservation. Her age is vouched for by a number of reputable persons who are familiar with her career.

Unshakable. There are some men who, once they get an idea in their head, never get it out again. As a rule they are perfectly honest in the matter, and believe that the facts are all on their side. This being so, all attempts to shake them in their opinion, or to present facts bearing on the other side, are futile. A case in point, declares Automobile Topics, is the class of men who believe that automobiles are road damagers, if not road destroyers.

Cross. Mrs. Hicks—So your husband has given up smoking? Mrs. Wicks—Yes.

Mrs. Hicks—You poor child! How you must suffer!—Somerville Journal.

THOUGHT HIM A GUEST, TOO.

Drummer's Query Quite Natural, Under the Circumstances.

A story is told by a drummer of his experience at a country hotel in North Dakota this last winter. He arrived late in the evening, and, although the weather was intensely cold, there was but one fire, and that was in the office. After vainly shivering over the diminutive stove, he concluded he would go to bed and get into a room into which there never had been a fire, but which had one little window, on which was a storm sash with no ventilator.

"I calculate this will fill the bill, as there can't be cold in it," said the landlord. The only positing the smoky lamp on the only piece of furniture in the room. After spreading his overcoat on the bed, he crawled between the sheets, where he shivered till morning. Going downstairs, he found the landlord nursing a sickly and blase in the wheezy little stove, and with his teeth chattering, the drummer stood over the stove trying to rub some life into his hands, when a farmer, who had driven 20 miles across the country, came in. He was covered with frost and the icicles hung down from his mustache and beard. Eyeing him curiously for awhile, the drummer, exclaimed: "Which room did you sleep in last night?"

IN TOM PAINE'S MAGAZINE. "Declaration of Independence" Was First Given Publicity.

In the columns of the Pennsylvania Magazine, where it occupies something less than two pages, the Declaration of Independence was first published to the world. The issue was the number for July, 1776, the last number to be published. At that time the magazine was edited by Tom Paine, sometimes called the infamous, and by a curious anomaly the periodical was published by Robert Arken, the publisher of the first Bible in English to make its appearance in this country. No attempt was made by the magazine to interrupt the even tenor of its way in introducing this most important state paper. The historic document is made to take the place under the general heading, "Monthly Intelligence," although there it holds the place of honor, being followed by the constitutions of several of the independent colonies.

Dividing the Responsibility. Early in Baron Huddleston's career at the bar he shared rooms with another barrister. Bodkin went one evening to take tea and wine with the future baron, and he particularly noticed the dirty, slovenly appearance of the clerk who waited upon them, and of whom the host had for the nonce assumed exclusive possession. Bodkin strongly advised Huddleston to insist on a change in the treatment of the youngster's person and appearance, and said it was scarcely decent to have a person in that dingy condition about him. "I do not much like to interfere," was the reply, "he looks upon Mr. T, as his master, and at the utmost I cannot claim more than half of him." "Then," said Bodkin, "I would at all events, make him wash my half of his face."—Beach and Bar.

Collector of Baby Pictures. The prince of Wales's pet diversions, next to shooting, are smoking and stamp collecting. Another queer hobby is collecting babies' photographs. The more comical the face of the baby the better its portrait pleases his royal highness. He even collects pictures of babies published as advertisements by proprietors of infants' foods. His collection of postage stamps is worth at least \$100,000. So keen a philatelist is he that on several occasions collectors have had to thank him for throwing light on uncertain scientific points concerning the study of stamps.

Not for Some Time. Edith's papa—And so you love my daughter? Edith's admirer—I do, indeed, sir; I cannot tell you how much I love her. Do you know what it is to see a single face everywhere, to hear a single voice ever sounding in your ears, to be possessed by the one idea, to feel all the time that the one presence is before you, to— Edith's papa—No, young man, I have never had any of those feelings since I signed the pledge.—Stray Stories.

A Losing Game. "What makes you so grouchy?" "I won \$50 at poker last night." "Well, does that make you sore?" "Sure it does. I had to spend \$10 for drinks, three dollars for cigars, \$45 for a new dress, to square myself with my wife, and I burned a hole in my new trousers with a cigar. And they paid me my winnings in I. O. U.'s!"

His Own Experience. "Have you 'What Can Be Done with a Chafing Dish'?" asked the customer in the book shop. "No, ma'am," replied the haggard-looking clerk, who had attended a Welsh rabbit party the night before, "but I can tell you what should be done with a chafing dish."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

Speaking of Powder. Yeast—Don't you think there is a great difference in the way men and women enjoy the Fourth of July? Crimsontank—Yes; yes; the women use powder, but make no noise about it.—Yonkers Statesman.

SWANS GUARDED THE BODY.

Birds Seemed to Be Guided by Some Strange Instinct.

Two stately swans and half a dozen brilliant-plumaged ducks circled and circled about a wooden box that floated on the lake in Central park the other afternoon, says the New York World. Believing some kindly person had put food in the box for the birds, the crowds that were out in rowboats did not disturb the graceful water fowl. For hours the box drifted about with the currents of the lake, always accompanied by its escort of birds. Then Thomas Donahue, who has charge of the park water fowl, observed the strange actions of his pets, and got a rowboat. Donahue overtook the box 20 feet from shore on that part of the lake opposite West Seventy-seventh street. He was horrified to find in it the body of a baby about one week old. The body was taken to the Arsenal Police station in the park, where Lieut. McGirr said he believed the child had been dead two days. It is a mystery to the police how the box floated on the lake two days without any one discovering its contents. Donahue says he had missed several of his swans and ducks during that period, and he believes the birds remained with the box.

BUILD NESTS OF CEMENT. Many Birds Use This or Some Other Similar Substance.

It is only within recent years that men have learned how to make houses and other structures of cement. This art is probably yet in a crude stage, and by and by mankind may learn to use the material in a vastly more skillful and efficient way. But many of the lower animals have for ages been making their houses of mud or similar plastic and hardening substances. The cliff swallow's skillfully built house is, indeed, a wonderful structure, especially when we take into consideration the simple way in which the bird does the work. Imagine a boy or a girl trying to make such a structure of mud and handling the material only by the aid of pointed piers. Yet the bird does it, and does it well with her pointed bill. In some cement structures, especially in railroad embankments, you have probably noticed that the workmen first put in several iron rods to increase the strength of the wall. This is, practically, what the phoebe, the robin and other birds do when they mix a fibrous supply of grasses and other plant fibers, and even strings, through their concretions of mud.—St. Nicholas.

Queer Smokes. "Tobacco," said a tobaccoist, "is one of many herbs that are smoked. In the orient, for instance, bang, or cannabis, a drug that gives one the desire to caress people's feet, goes into loads of pipes. Some savages smoke the leaves of the wild potato and the wild tomato. These bitter leaves are narcotic. They throw you into a stupor. Phrued in, though, they bring on insanity. Some of the Swiss guides smoke 'mountain tobacco,' a weed that grows only at great heights. This produces an intoxication akin to alcohol. Our Indians, when hard up, smoke holly and sun-mach leaves, and the silvery leaves of 'Indian tobacco,' which every boy has chewed."

Queer Signs in Tokio. Maj. Gen. Host, who was the Australian officer attached to the Japanese army during the war with Russia, saw some amusing shop signs in Tokio—"Head-utter" over a barber's, "Extract of fowls" over an egg seller's and "Ladies furnished on the upstairs" in front of a draper's. He had a memorable 24 hours railway journey in a compartment crammed with 40 men, women and children. He made a resolution not to fall asleep, but he woke up in the morning to find that "a patient little Japanese lady had been supporting his head on her shoulder."

The Wild Call. "Most of our song birds have three notes expressive of love, alarm and fellowship. The latter calls seems to keep them in touch with one another. I might perhaps add to this list the scream of distress which most birds utter when caught by a cat or a hawk—the voice of uncontrolled terror and pain which is nearly the same in all species—resonant and piercing. The other notes and calls are characteristic, but this last is the simple scream of common terrified nature.—Country Life.

Union of the Mental and Moral. This union of the mental and moral into a life of admirable simplicity is what we most admire in children; but in them it is unattained and unpractical. But when it is preserved into manhood, deepened into reliability and maturity, it is that glorified childlikeness, that high and reverend simplicity, which shames and baffles the most accomplished astuteness, and is chosen by God to fill his purposes when he needs a ruler for his people.—Phillips Brooks.

Vain Old Men. "Old men are the limit," said the barber. "I wish you could see the length of some of these locks that they grow on the back of the neck or above the ear, to hide their baldness with. I've seen such locks a foot long. They look all right when they're arranged properly, but they are always getting disarranged, and then they look ridiculous."—Chicago Journal.